Courting a Girl in Summer.

Some of the Mishaps That May Happen to a Young Man.

The picture that meets the eye of the desultory wanderer in the city of a summer's evening is a charming one—the picture in question being the one formed on the doorsteps. Take a group of sisters, all in white, with long, supple lines of muslin or crêpe, add a white, fluffy dog, and, perhaps, an elderly lady with snowy pompadour and stately gown of white silk or a more gentle one of pliant wool, and all at once just that one scene makes the city seem quite bearable in summer.

That is one side of the story, but there is another.

The other has to do with the summer lover, who has looked forward through the trying conventionalities of the winter and spring to the glorious time when the relaxation of summer comes and he could enjoy the society of his beloved without the discouraging addition of a chaperon or younger sister.

CUPID ON THE PARK BENCH.

It really seems to him that fate is at length on his side when he learns that some business complication is going to keep papa in town and the family have decided to wait until late before they leave him alone. He plans how he will go to see his divinity, not in the stiffness of starched linen and dinner coat and in the glare of light, with half a dozen strange people calling the same evening to discuss banalities; but with delightful informality.

He has it all nicely planned, this summer lover, and he does his part well.

He telephones her in the morning and finds that she is to be in. He thinks he can detect a little thrill of anticipatory delight in the voice that answers him. She has never cared very much before; he has been one of many and the competition has been keen; but the laggards in love have gone away on yachts or fishing or shooting, and the young Lochinvar will come out of the West—of Fifth avenue—and win his fair Ellen.

So he dons his white flannel suit and his pleated shirt, arranges his tie with studied care and whistles gayly. He trusts that it won't rain and looks at the sky carefully. He concludes that it will not.

He has an eye for the æsthetic and pictures a couple of scarlet velvet cushions. He thinks Ellen and he will look rather nice sitting on the top step of the old fashioned stoop—alone, of course, alone—on the red seats, she all in white and he in white, too.

When he gets there, he finds some such picture as has been described, only in addition there are a maiden aunt from Heaven knows where and three country cousins. Princess Ellen sits on the top step just as he had dreamed her, on a scarlet cushion, too, and in a white dress, and she smiles distantly.

He is invited to sit down, but there are no more cushions and somehow the combination of a bare stone step and white flannel suit doesn't appeal to him, so he balances himself on his cane and tries to act as if he were having the time of his life. But he's no actor and he finally gives it up and raising his hat strolls away.

He tries it again and this time there is a long-haired, white-whiskered uncle who, he soon learns, is a Dunkirk and who is emphatically displeased to find out that the young man doesn't know what a Dunkirk is. On his way home that night, he remembers that Ellen told him about her rich bachelor uncle and her hopes in that direction. Apparently, if he is any reader of faces, he will never have that hope.

He takes a car to relieve his distress of mind and someway finds himself in Central Park. The sight of the Park lovers, coming so soon after his recent experiences, adds to his woe.

Certainly he thinks the Park lovers have the best of it. There are no lynx eyed relatives to watch them.

He is apparently the only one in the Park who is not engaged in the ever new, ever old game. Yet, from snatches of conversation he overhears, it appears that the Park Amaryllises and Corydons have troubles of their own.

Thus she had taken his coat and looked at it with the same admiration with which she favored him. She folded it, laid it against the back of the iron bench and leaned on it. The comfort of the position gave her voice. She varied this comfort with renewed caresses, leaning on him in place of the coat.

"It's that Liz," said the girl at length. "I wish she was dead."

"Liz?"

"Yep. She's the woman dad picked up on the streets and married. Put 'er ahead of me an' the kids."

"It's a shame," he answered, as if in duty bound. He had not come to the Park with her to listen to domestic troubles, it was evident.

"Shame? Well, I should think so. There's one thing certain. I ain't goin' back no more."

"You ain't?"

The interrogation held all sorts of fears. She waited.

He felt in his pocket, drew out a clay pipe and smoked it reflectively.

Still she waited, only now she had pushed the coat aside and leaned again on the back of the bench.

"Don't yer think ye're kind o' foolish?" he said at length.

She answered quickly; there was no indecision or hesitation in her makeup.

"I expec' I be. But I ain't goin' back, jes' the same."

The first lover passed on with a look of commiseration at the second lover. There were others, it would seem, after all.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

There was apparently something expected of him beside caresses and, with the true lavishness of the summer lover, that was the only largess he had to offer.

"What'll you do ef you don't?"

"What'll I do? Oh, I expec' I can find a home somewheres."

He remembered all at once a girl he had played fast and loose with. He wondered if she was unmarried still. He remembered this girl never went out of town in summer, and she was, besides, very forgiving, and—and it was not very late—for a summer night call.

But the difficulties of the city lover in summer do not compare with those of the lover whose ambitions take him to distant points of the horizon.

He wonders fretfully why it is that the particular girl one likes must choose some place that nobody ever heard of to spend the summer months in, when there are numberless places right near the heart of things which a man can reach in an hour. Who ever heard of Rogers's Rock, and what does he care if an old man named Rogers did climb to the top of the rock, escape from the Indians, and thereby become a historical personage?

What is all that to him, when it costs $15 to reach Rogers's Rock from New York, not to mention extras, and his salary at the present moment barely suffices?

But there is nothing for it. It is do or die. A man who can't go to see a girl from June to September is practically out of the running. Excuses of business and moribund relatives don't cover a stretch of four months.

He studies time tables and salary receipts; chews up two score pencils in the process; invests in white canvas shoes, and duck trousers, borrows an opera hat—you never can tell what you'll strike in the country—and annexes some golf sticks and a trout pole.

He thinks, as he is delayed in the tunnel on a hot August afternoon while the employees of the road try to find out what is the matter with the switch, that the life of a bachelor is a hard one. Now, if he were married, he could stay within stone's throw of the Flatiron Building and need not be dragged away.

He doesn't sleep on the sleeper, for there is a snorer on one side and a man who reads off a stock ticker in his dreams in a loud voice. The train jolts frightfully in addition, and he wakes with a headache.

Rival gets on the train at Saratoga looking fresh and rested. He greets him jovially. He is travelling to the Rock on special invitation, while the other invitation is only general.

The trip up the lake in the steamer refreshes him and he feels that there might be something in life worth living for if only Rival were not so effusively cheerful. The undue cheerfulness of a rival is one of life's little troubles that even innate belief in one's own good fortune will not always counterbalance.

She meets them both and he finds that it is necessary to get into a rowboat and row for a half hour before they reach their particular destination. In some unaccountable way he finds himself at the oars, while Rival sits in the stern and holds the tiller ropes, smiling over his shoulder at their hostess in a flagrantly disagreeable way.

The next morning he is hauled out of bed at 4 o'clock to go fishing with father. Rival has promised the night before to go, with evident delight, but he doesn't appear, and father never waits for any one.

He falls asleep in his room after breakfast and when he wakes finds that they have all gone to a picnic and left word for him to be sure and follow. They have forgotten to leave directions; and they don't return until late in the evening. He has had no dinner and they are awfully sorry.

The next day there are calls to make and an afternoon reception and a dance in the evening. There is only Sunday left, and he has to return on Sunday night.

His one moment of happiness comes when she takes him to a retired porch and an obvious tête-à-tête. His happiness is short lived. She asks him prettily and modestly, as such an invitation should be given, if he will be best man.

She says that Rival likes him immensely and, of course, that is sufficient compensation for the troubles of his week-end trip. If it isn't, it is all he ever gets.

On his way to the boat he stops for a moment at the village post office. There are a string of girls of assorted sizes; and one, the prettiest, has turned away while she opens the expected letter. It is in a masculine hand and expectation is replaced by disappointment as she reads the words "unavoidably detained."

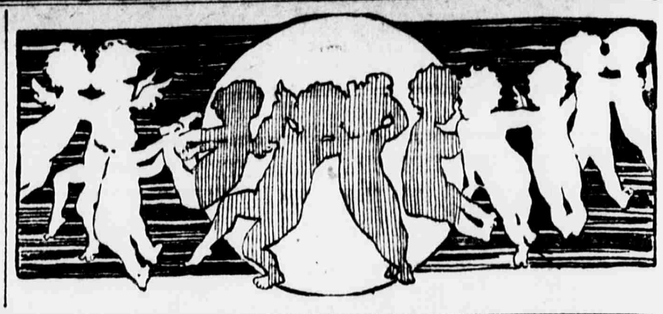
He is sorry for her and only wishes that he could add his negative to hers and make of the double disappointment a single joy, but conventions forbid and the last remembrance of his trip is the melancholy face of the pretty girl which fits in so aptly with his tired mood.

Georgie is having his difficulties too, although he is only 12, and Phyllis is but 10. He has proposed and been accepted. She has announced it to her family and added that she shall not have her younger brother Bobs live with her when she marries, for you never can tell what a man will do when he grows up.

Then, Georgie and she sit down and make up the list for housekeeping. They agree upon a set of horsehair furniture; it is only when they reach the question of an automobile that they come to grief.

Georgie says that people in their station cannot afford one, and Phyllis responds in tears that she has been dragged from a happy home where every wish was gratified. It sounds very much as if they had been listening to older dialogues. It is only after a great deal of recrimination that Georgie compromises on a circus chariot with six white ponies; and their first quarrel is happily adjusted.

SHE ASKS IF HE WILL BE BEST MAN.



A LOVER'S DIFFICULTIES.

One of the unusual difficulties in summer love making was related by an athlete recently over a dinner table. He had got far enough away from the event to have his sense of humor restored, but there was evident a slight rankling still at the remembrance.

"It was at Soandso, and I was there practising with the crew for the annual regatta. The usual quarters of the men were undergoing repairs and so we were quartered at the one hotel in the little town and made the acquaintance of some of the town boys and through them of the girls—and the girls were pretty.

"I soon annexed the belle. I was stroke oar and the other fellows had to let me have my way. The others chose their partners and for a week we were it.

"We cut out the natives and every evening we had parties and moonlight strolls and straw rides. All at once the coach arrived from New York. The first time we saw him was on our return about 11 o'clock at night from a junketing where our lovemaking to all the pretty girls had had the extra flavor of soured looks from the has-beens.

"The coach looked us over carefully and said:

"'Where have you been, young gentlemen?'

"We told him. Just on a little moonlight party; very quiet and orderly, we assured him, and we had eaten and drunk nothing.

"He listened gravely and then announced his ultimatum:

"'Bed every night at 9 o'clock until the race is over.'

"Nine o'clock on summer evenings, and it was then three weeks from the time of the race!

"There was no help for it. When a coach tells a man who is in training to do anything or to stop doing anything there is no reply coming. He does it or quits.

"Of course the story leaked out, and whenever the natives saw us they'd say something about the nursery and turning in with the chickens, and on the day of the race we got awfully walloped by the other crew and the town men gave us the frozen mitts and the girls gave a reception to the winners and we were out of it all along the line."

"UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED."

NEVER LET YOUR RIVAL GET THE TILLER ROPES.

THE COW AS A WEALTH PRODUCER

"Did you ever sit down and figure," said the man with a pencil, "just how big a swath the humble dairy cow cuts in the world, or, more properly speaking, in this country? If you haven't you will doubtless be surprised to know that she adds $205,000,000 a year to our wealth.

"There are about 11,000,000 dairy cows in the United States, which are yielding about 1,375,000,000 pounds of butter a year. At 15 cents a pound this foots up over $200,000,000.

"The average annual yield of butter to the cow is 125 pounds, and if the farmer knew how to feed his cattle properly he could bring this average to 300 pounds, or about the cost of the cow in the first place.

"Most farmers who have never investigated or studied the matter imagine that all that is necessary to feed a cow is about what he thinks she ought to have. The fact is that every cow must first have enough food for body maintenance, then whatever she gets over and above that goes into milk or meat—which, depends upon the breed.

"If a cow is bred along dairy lines—that is, if her sire is a full blooded dairy animal—she will not have the usual natural tendency to convert into meat her excess of feed, but will turn it out in milk. If she is fed from the time she drops her calf, is regularly milked and made comfortable, quiet and contented, the more feed she gets the more milk she gives. There's a good bit in keeping any animal contented and happy, especially if she is a good milker.

"Some may think that such an enormous yield of butter as would result from proper feeding of all these cows would bring ruin to the industry. This would happen only where feed is expensive, but the real result would be that American butter would find a big market in Europe, where we could undersell all home competition.

"For instance, in Denmark it costs, in round numbers, about twice what it does in the Northwest to produce butter. In Germany the cost is but little less than in Denmark, and so it runs through all the countries that offer us a market.

"In fact, there is a lot of butter now being exported by the big creameries, and they find it easy to average 30 or 35 cents a pound. The price abroad at present prohibits butter from general use, but with a production double what we now have we could afford to offer it abroad at a figure that would still give us plenty of margin.

"It will take a good many years, though, to bring the average up to even 200 pounds to the cow, since much of the stock is poor, and proper feeding is an idea that the dairy associations find it difficult to propagate. Present prices are satisfactory, however, and the good cow, one that is properly managed, will net its owner from $30 to $40 a year.

"The butter business is rapidly drifting into the hands of the big creamery companies, of which there are a large number, especially in the West and Northwest. They have not only been raising the standard of butter, but they have been gradually putting up the price.

"They have stations scattered all over the country, easy of access to the farmer. The owner of a dairy herd buys a patent separator that turns out the butter fat, and the creameries pay him a maximum of 22 cents a pound for this. The skim milk he feeds to his pigs, and every month the creamery's little check for about $2.50 or $3 a cow comes in very handy."

YACHTING NEEDN'T COST MUCH.

One may enjoy the sport of yacht racing at a very low cost nowadays.

Racing boats can now be had for $50 each. They are, of course, very small, cheaply built and plainly finished.

This type of boat has been named the Lark class because the first boat of the kind was called Lark. It is a scow type, 12 feet long, draws a few inches of water and spreads a mainsail.

Several of these boats are now owned by members of the Pelham Bay Country Club, and they are raced every Saturday. They are good only for racing and in fair weather. There is no cockpit on the boat and the two men in charge have to lie on the deck, and they get very wet.

They have the fun and excitement of the sport, though, and the cost is only a few dollars a year.

The sailing dory is another popular class. These boats are 12 or 14 feet long and are fitted with a jib and mainsail.

The original cost is from $100 to $175. They are serviceable boats in almost any kind of weather, and are good for an afternoon's sail when there is no regatta.

On Gravesend Bay there are several classes of small boats. Two of these are owned by members of the Marine and Field Club.

The boats of the new class are only 14 feet long. They carry jib and mainsail, and cost about $350 each. They can sail fast in light weather or stand a hard blow, and their owners are having lots of fun for a very small outlay.

To keep one of these boats in shape for the season costs about $25. At the end of the season they can be laid up, and a few dollars for paint and varnish will put them in fine shape for the next season's sport.

The other class at the Marine and Field Club is a little larger and the boats cost a little more.

On the Great South Bay there are boats that cost as little as $100, and they are fine little craft for an afternoon on the water, or for a scrap when their owners wish to race.

The Indian Harbor Yacht Club this year arranged for a class of 17-foot knockabouts, and their owners have had lots of sport. The boats cost only $450, and when necessary a new suit of sails can be had for $50. They are fast, weatherly boats.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club has a large class of 15-footers that cost complete less than $500 each. At New Rochelle is another class of small boats that were built at a cost of $450 each.

The Manhasset Bay Club has a class of sailing dories that cost $175 each and a class of 14-footers that cost $400 each.

A boat that has been popular for some years is the raceabout. It is 21 feet on the water line and carries 600 square feet of canvas.

These boats are built for racing and are a little more expensive than other craft of the same size. The prices range from $1,000 to $2,500.

The cheaper boats are built of spruce and the more expensive ones of cedar or mahogany. It is a striking fact that in many of the races sailed recently the cheaper boats have been more successful than those built of mahogany and fitted with extra fine sails.

The Larchmont 21-footers are a good class for racing. They were built several years ago and are good yet. Their owners get lots of fun out of them and they cost only $1,250 when new.

Small boat sailing does much for the amateur sailors. The best handlers of big boats are all graduates from the small boat classes. If there had been no small boat racing such experts as C. Oliver Iselin, August Belmont, E. D. Morgan, Herman B. Duryea, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and H. F. Lippitt would not have had the experience that put them at the top of their class.

AUTOS FOR ITS PUPILS.

One of the big Brooklyn schools uses automobiles to bring its pupils to the institution. The secretary of the institution gives this account of the experiment:

"At the beginning of the last school year I was requested by the board of trustees to use efforts to increase the attendance in the lower grades of the academy, especially the primary and kindergarten departments. I found on investigation that it was impossible for the youngest children even with attendants to board the trolley cars during the morning rush hours on account of the crowded condition of the cars.

"I was asked to find some way of getting these little ones to school. The horse stage had been tried, but in the severe weather the first passenger to be called for had to wait too long in the cold vehicle before the others were all taken on and the trip to school began.

"I began investigating and experimenting with the various types of automobiles, selecting, finally, our present electric opera bus. One of these machines collects a load of fifteen children in fifteen minutes and delivers them to school in ten minutes more making only twenty-five minutes for the first and ten for the last child to remain in the auto, an average of 17½ minutes, which is quicker service than the trolleys from the same points, with the added advantages of perfect safety and privacy.

"I arranged at once for this service through a local transportation company. The first two autos ran from the beginning of the year through the snow and ice of an exceptionally severe winter without a break.

"Every child was delivered on time. Every subscriber knew by the time table the minute to expect the automobile and was ready at the vestibule of the home when the auto bell sounded.

"When school opens next month we expect to have in commission for this service six electric heated opera buses of the type now in use, two steam gasolene cars and three gasolene touring cars for the long distance routes through the Flatbush section.

"As far as I know, ours is the first school in this country to adopt automobile transportation. The success of the scheme was complete from start to finish. The plan at first was to use the autos for the youngest pupils only, but it became at once the most popular mode of travel for the older students also."